

wrote for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, under the title of "The Great Adventure." This was published in the newspapers on September 17, 1918, and created a profound impression everywhere. It was subsequently published, with some other articles of Roosevelt's on the war, in a volume with the same title (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918), and thus given a permanent place in literature. The universal verdict upon it was that in it Roosevelt struck a higher note than he had ever before reached. When I said as much to him, he replied: "Ah, that was Quentin!" I quote here the opening and closing passages:

"Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are part of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole."

"In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of

those who  
know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter  
sorrow. But  
all of us who give service, and stand ready for  
sacrifice, are  
the torch-bearers. We run with the torches  
until we fall,  
content if we can then pass them to the  
hands of other  
runners. The torches whose flame is  
brightest are borne  
by the gallant men at the front, and by the  
gallant women  
whose husbands and lovers, whose sons and  
brothers are  
at the front. These men are high of soul, as  
they face their  
fate on the shell-shattered earth, or in the  
skies above or  
in the waters beneath; and no less high of  
soul are the